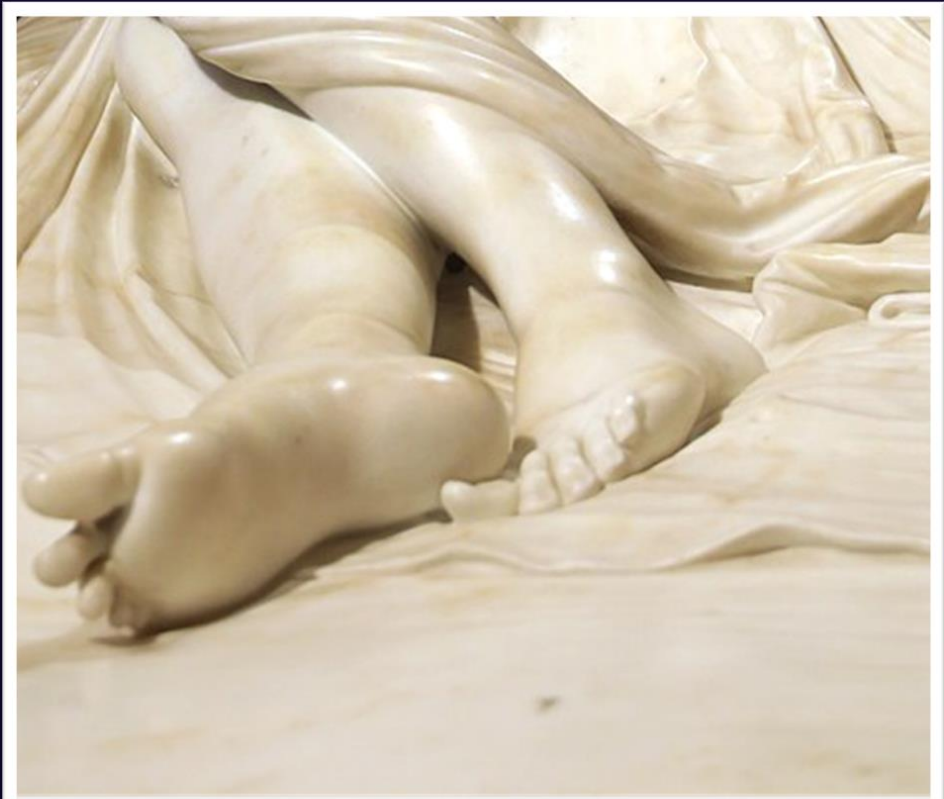


# FEETIES

Alba Pratalia



# Feeties

*By Alba Pratalia*

## Part 1: Morning Rituals, Champagne & Callouses

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Morning light filtered through silk curtains, cutting soft lines across the cream-colored sheets of a bed that looked like it had survived a renaissance orgy and a Chanel commercial—simultaneously.

In the ensuite marble bathroom, with gold faucets that curved like swan necks and a bidet that had seen *things*, a man stood humming while shaving. Not just humming—*singing*, with the operatic confidence of a man whose entire life had never been anything short of a decadent cabaret.

To the tune of “I Feel Pretty” from *West Side Story*, his voice rang out:

“I like feeties, I like feeties,  
I like toes and arch and heel—  
When they wiggle,

Oh, I giggle,  
I can barely hide my zeal!”

He gave himself a wink in the mirror, wiped the remaining foam from his dimpled chin, and dabbed a splash of his cologne: **Eau de Vice**, a scent so decadent it had been banned in four countries and the Vatican.

He was everything a 1950s housewife secretly moaned for while stirring the risotto.

- **Rich** (his breakfast was delivered in a Bentley).
- **Classy** (he matched his cufflinks to the mood of the day).
- **Charming** (his enemies admitted it through gritted, jealous veneers).
- **Free** (he once left a duchess because she refused a foot massage after foie gras).

His name was **Leonard “Leo” Chevalier de Roth-Bondiani III**, but his lovers called him *The*

*Toemancer.* And when he stepped out of his bathroom—velvet robe loosely tied, chest hair glistening with post-shave oil—he did not walk. He *sauntered*.

In his kitchen, a woman in last night's heels and only his tie around her neck raised a champagne flute. "You're in a good mood," she purred.

He kissed her on the instep instead of the lips. "Darling, the sun is shining, your feet are flawless, and I just dreamt of licking the sole of Venus herself."

He took a croissant, licked a spot of jam from her second toe, and turned to his butler. "Jacques, warm the Rolls. We have pedicures at eleven and an auction of foot-shaped artifacts at noon."

"Yes, monsieur," Jacques replied, suppressing an eye roll that had become chronic.

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## Feeties & Fantasies

### Part 2: A Nocturne in Soles Major

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It was at the **Foot Fetish Ball at Versailles**, held annually under heavy secrecy and even heavier silk drapes, where Leonard met **Dr. Soleada von Stiletto**.

She arrived late. On purpose.

Her entrance split the ballroom like Moses' staff—but sexier and in five-inch Louboutin stilettos forged by lost Parisian cobblers who only worked during thunderstorms.

She wore a velvet opera cloak and nothing else but an anklet made of platinum piano wire and men's regrets.

Leonard's jaw fell as if gravity itself had finally gotten horny.

They danced without touching—except their feet. A tango performed entirely below the waistline, where the true battleground of their desire unfolded.

Later that night, in his penthouse suite overlooking the Seine (with floor-to-ceiling windows and ceiling-to-floor mirrors), she stood at the edge of the bed. Barefoot. Toes pointed like a ballet assassin.

Leonard was already moaning just watching her flex her arches.

She sat on the edge, her eyes glinting.

“Lie down, Chevalier,” she commanded with the calm dominance of a war general who had seduced her enemies before conquering their empires.

He did.

She began.

Her feet were like twin instruments—velvet violins in a Ravel crescendo—stroking, pressing, teasing

the twitching nobility of his body.

He whimpered. He begged. He mewed like a kitten denied milk and presented instead with ambrosia.

And as his body surrendered in a glorious spasm of worshipful climax, he squirted—artfully, lovingly—across the very feet that had just orchestrated his downfall.

That's when she sang. Her voice clear, precise, and vibrating with smug soprano delight, to the very same air he had used that morning:

**“Here my feeties, here my feeties,  
They give pleasure and tension and cum,  
And you squirt 'em, with your white  
And wonderful cuuuuuuum...”**

A high note.

A perfect vibrato.

A sticky, shining ovation.



He wept.

“Marry me.”

She laughed. “Darling, I don’t do monogamy. I do pedicure orgies.”

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## Feeties & Fantasies

### Part 3: In the Court of the Crimson Anus

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Just as Leonard was basking in post-foot-ejaculative bliss—eyes glazed, chest heaving, lips softly whispering “*what arches, my God what arches*”—the double doors burst open.

There she stood.

**Madame Letrou Ducul.**

The scandal of the Sorbonne.

The muse of Man Ray’s *untouched negatives*.

The woman who had once been banned from the entire *Rive Gauche* for excessive sphincteral delight.

She strode into the room with the unflinching pride of an Empress whose throne was not made of gold but of *tight, commanding ass-flesh*.

Dr. von Stiletto narrowed her eyes. “Letrou. I should’ve known.”

Letrou’s gaze fell upon Leonard, who was already semi-erect again just from the tectonic sway of her hips. She turned with operatic grandeur, dropped her cloak, and revealed what could only be described as *the Platonic ideal of ass*—firm, symmetrical, carved by Aphrodite on a day when she was particularly petty and wanted no other butt to ever be admired again.

Leonard whimpered.

Von Stiletto hissed.

The battle had just begun.

Letrou arched her back, presenting her divine  
derrière like an offering at the Temple of Lust. And  
as Leonard, still glistening with his former climax,  
rose like Lazarus with a hard-on, she sang—no, *she*  
*belted*—to the same sacred aria that had now  
become their shared libretto:

**“I like anal, you like anal,  
We like anal and colon and cum—  
So buttfuck me, and enjoy  
In my wonderful aaaaass…”**

The final note was so high it shattered a crystal heel  
in von Stiletto’s suitcase.

Leonard didn't think. He *acted*—as all true  
libertines must.

He obeyed the summons of Letrou's marble  
backside, placing himself in position like a knight  
swearing fealty to the Holy Crack.

One slow, reverent thrust…

Two…

And the war for his soul began.

Von Stiletto, enraged but aroused, reclined in a nearby chaise, licking her toes and plotting her next move.

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## **Feeties & Fantasies**

### **Part 4: The Triumphal Moan in B ♭**

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Leonard, pinned beneath Madame Letrou Ducul's commanding posterior, with Dr. von Stiletto's elegant arch pressed between his lips, felt something ancient awaken within him—a primal harmony, an operatic throb of divine depravity.

He raised his hands like a conductor at the brink of overture.

“Ladies, ladies,” he gasped, managing to hold back his imminent third climax. “There’s plenty of lust for the three of us.”

Without missing a beat, both women replied in perfect sync, like a duet of dominatrices:

**“Oh shut up, Leo.”**

And the concert began.

Letrou took the lead, bouncing upon his shaft with the confident rhythm of a woman who had *once climaxed during a Wagnerian overture and still hit the final note on pitch.*

Her cheeks clapped like applause.

Her breath was ragged poetry.

Meanwhile, she reached for von Stiletto’s divine foot—took it into her mouth with surprising gentleness—and sucked each toe as if unlocking erotic sonatas from hidden musical keys.

Her other hand?

Already stroking von Stiletto’s slick crescendo with a finesse born only in the back alleys of Vienna and the private salons of Tokyo.

Von Stiletto moaned, her eyes fluttering like arias trapped between lashes. She returned the favor by placing her other foot in Leonard's open mouth. He suckled like a starved pilgrim at the altar of kink.

And then it happened.

No warning. No mercy. No decrescendo.

Just...

**Release.**

Together they sang—not in chaos, but in harmony.

The same blessed aria, now transformed into a polyphonic orgasmic cantata:

**“We are cumming, we are cumming,**

**We're orgasming and contracting with joy—**

**And together,**

**We have ecstasy,**

**And wonderful luuuuuuuuuuust...”**

High notes, low groans, one spontaneous chandelier collapse.

Silence.

Sweat.

Steam rising from three very different bodies,  
united in one glorious, sticky encore.

Outside, a passing accordionist paused and tipped  
his beret. “*Magnifique.*”

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## Feeties & Fantasies

### Part 5: The Pact of the Forbidden Backdoor

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Just as the sweat was drying, and Madame Letrou Ducul was draping a silk robe over her gloriously abused buttocks, and von Stiletto was stretching her post-orgasmic limbs like a satisfied panther, the doors **slammed open** once again—because privacy in Leonard’s life had long since become a myth.

Framed in the golden light of hallway sconces stood **Baron Fistup Yorass**, military-turned-mistress-turned-marauder.

He was dressed in nothing but a monocle, a riding crop, and what could only be described as a *suit of pure erotic vengeance*.

He entered like a bass note in an orgy of sopranos, heavy, throbbing, and utterly unavoidable.

Everyone froze.

Leonard swallowed a foot that was still in his mouth.

The Baron pointed at him dramatically, a single tear of betrayal *and* lube rolling down his cheek, then burst into a bitter aria on the same cursed melody that had haunted their pleasures:

**“You like male sex, you like men sex,  
You're bisexual and shy to admit—  
You have fucked me,  
And you're just too uptight to admiiiiit!”**



A trill on the final word, with a flourish of the riding crop for punctuation.

Leonard sprang up, naked, still slightly dripping with the love of two dangerously skilled women, and shouted:

**“Fistup! We had a pact!”**

Gasp.

Madame Letrou dropped her robe.

Dr. von Stiletto raised one sharply manicured eyebrow.

The chandelier, long dead from the previous climax, twitched.

Fistup stepped closer. “Yes, a pact of *silence*, sealed with *sphincters*, sworn beneath the stars of Mykonos and the pulsing lights of the backroom at Club Rectum!”

Leonard flinched. “It was a confused summer…”

“It was a *WEEKEND IN PRAGUE!*” Fistup roared, voice cracking into a vibrato of betrayal.

Von Stiletto sighed. “Is this going to be another musical threesome or a duel?”

Letrou, already pouring champagne into her bellybutton, grinned. “Why not both?”

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## Feeties & Fantasies

### Part 6: Jeez Take the Wheel (and the Feeties)

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Just as tensions mounted—Baron Fistup Yorass and Leonard exchanging erotic threats, von Stiletto still glistening and half-lounged in wicked satisfaction, and Letrou Ducul debating whether to use the champagne bottle for *pleasure or percussion*—a new presence entered the room.

**The buttlr.**

Yes, *buttlr*.

**Jeez.**

Full name: **Jeez Aloysius Fluffington of Lower  
Trundle-on-Mire.**

He wore white gloves, a sorrowful expression, and the patience of a thousand orgies past. He had served the Chevalier family for three generations, once cleaned a *ménage à huit* involving six mimes and a taxidermied peacock, and spoke only in musical interludes.

With the grace of a disappointed ballet master, he stepped into the room, looked upon the sweaty, sticky pile of aristocracy, and broke into song—  
To the *Bernstein* tune of “*America*” from *West Side Story*, of course:

“Your mother's hosting a tea today,  
You'd better get all dressed up by now—  
Light pastel colors I'd recommend,  
Ties are optional but preferred...”

He straightened a lampshade mid-verse.

A pigeon on the windowsill joined in, accidentally on key.

Letrou, whose thighs were still dripping with the echoes of Leonard's last performance, groaned and threw a cushion.

*"Oh not another bloody Bernstein musical..."*

Von Stiletto, perched like Cleopatra on a velvet footstool, smirked. She extended one delicately curved foot, painted nails gleaming like war medals.

*"Jeez, would you lick my feeties?"*

Jeez paused mid-refrain, looked at the foot, then looked up at the heavens as if appealing to a divine HR department.

He lowered his voice to a stage whisper:

*"...Only if I may hum Candide while doing so, madam."*

Von Stiletto raised her second foot. “Only if you reach the high F during *Glitter and Be Gay*.”

Jeez sighed. “*I always do.*”

And with that, the buttler knelt—gloved hands behind his back, tongue poised like a sacred instrument—as the *Bernstein Foot Requiem* began in earnest.

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## Feeties & Fantasies

### Part 7: Tea, Trauma, and the Vibrato Plug

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As Jeez dutifully licked von Stiletto’s foot with the solemn precision of a monk polishing a relic, the *delicate tension* in the room (read: collective horniness and unresolved anal politics) was pierced yet again—this time not by entrance or accusation, but by song.

Baron Fistup Yorass—naked except for a riding boot, a monocle, and the ghost of Prague’s debauchery past—cleared his throat, struck a *jaunty yet clench-aware* posture, and belted out his *confession* in full Broadway glory.

To the tune of “*America*” from *West Side Story*:

**“I’ve got a buttplug stuck in my ass,  
Would you mind taking it out, dear Jeez?  
I’ll need it washed and dried up by five,  
My lover just loves it and just thrives!”**

On “thrives,” he spun and *presented*—dramatically. And yes, there it was: a glimmering jewel-toned buttplug, proudly embedded like Excalibur in a cheeky stone.

Jeez, without lifting his eyes from von Stiletto’s foot, responded flatly:

“Will you be wanting the travel pouch, sir?”

“Yes,” Fistup said, wiggling faintly. “And a spritz of lavender, if you please.”

Madame Letrou sipped her champagne and turned to Leonard. “You know, I came here for a good fuck, not the original cast recording of *West Side Whorey*.”

Leonard muttered, “He always sings when he’s plugged. One time he did *all of Sweeney Todd*.”

Von Stiletto, biting her lip with sensual delight, looked to Jeez.

“Would you mind plugging *me* by Act Two?”

Jeez, still unbothered: “Very good, madam. May I suggest the mahogany one with gold trim? It complements your foot tone.”

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**Feeties & Fantasies**

**Part 8: A Spot of Fanny and a Dash of Loewe**

---

The room—already a throbbing den of musical depravity and high-pitched climax echoes—was finally beginning to settle.

Leonard was buttoning a single cuff.

Fistup Yorass was bent over a fainting couch with a polite wince.

Von Stiletto and Letrou Ducul were now sharing a foot bath and moaning at different keys.

And Jeez had just emerged from the linen closet carrying an embroidered velvet buttplug pouch monogrammed *FY*.

That's when the door creaked open once more.

Enter: **Mrs. Fanny.**

The housemaid.

Half corset, half apron, full erotic resignation.

She stepped into the room with a silver tray balanced on one hand and years of unmet sexual needs balanced on the other.

Her breasts swayed with operatic sorrow.



Her eyes screamed *I dusted under the orgy swing  
and all I got was this broken hymen of hope.*

And she sang—

**Oh God she sang—**

To the tune of “*The Rain in Spain*” from *My Fair Lady*.

**“The maid in vain  
Waits for dick by her name…  
Not one stiff prick  
Since Bastille’s sweet flame…  
They call me Fanny,  
Yet still, no jammy…  
Oh what a pity,  
This house of shame!”**

She finished on a held note while adjusting her garter with one hand and balancing a tray of finger sandwiches with the other.

Von Stiletto groaned, rubbing her temples. “Oh just brilliant. *So it’s Lerner and Loewe now.*”

Letrou raised a toast. “At this point, I’m expecting Sondheim to rise from the bidet and give us a number on polyamorous guilt.”

Leonard took a deep breath, adjusting his rising erection. “Ladies… Gentlemen… Fanny…”

Fanny perked up. “Yes, sir?”

“I believe… we have the makings of a *full-blown musical orgy*.”

Fanny dropped the tray. Jeez caught it mid-air, balanced it on his head, and whispered, “I’ll get the jazz hands gloves.”

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**Feeties & Fantasies**

**Part 9: A Showstopper in the Backdoor Key**

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The room was chaos, yes—but it was **musical** chaos.  
A libidinous operetta with more shifting keys than  
Mozart on molly.

Madame Letrou was being fed grapes through her  
toes.

Von Stiletto was playing footsie with Jeez under a  
candelabra.

Mrs. Fanny was writing her own solo: *“One Day  
More (Inside Me)”*.

And Leonard, bless his hole, had just started sipping  
Earl Grey when he heard the unmistakable *clearing  
of a throat behind him*.

**Baron Fistup Yorass**, freshly re-lubed and carrying a  
riding crop now adorned with tassels and  
questionable memories, stood at attention.

“Guys, guys,” he said with gleeful menace. “Listen  
to this.”

Before Leonard could reply—*before Jeez could even  
reach for a fresh towel*—Fistup was *in*.

Balls deep.

To the hilt.

Broadway-style.

Leonard arched, tea went flying, Mrs. Fanny fainted  
with one leg raised like a Gilbert and Sullivan  
soprano, and then—Fistup **sang**.

To the most sacred of arias. The one that had never  
been defiled.

Until now.

To the tune of *“Singin’ in the Rain”*:

**“I’m fuckin’ out your brains,  
I’m fuckin’ out your brains—  
What a glorious feeling,  
I’m cumming again!”**

He twirled mid-thrust.

Spun Leonard like a pliéed piñata.

Grabbed a parasol and did a little *tap-tap* against  
Leonard’s trembling thighs.

On “cumming,” he hit a high note **and** Leonard’s prostate.

Double climax.

Double applause.

Everyone rose in thunderous standing ovation.

Roses rained from somewhere—Jeez had apparently coordinated a flower cannon just in case.

Even Madame Letrou wiped away a tear. “Finally… theatre with depth.”

Mrs. Fanny, still half-fainted, whispered, “So *that’s* what dinner theatre is…”

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## Feeties & Fantasies

### Part 10: The Curtain Rises Again (and So Does Leonard)

---

Leonard—still mid-thrust in a life lived exclusively in moans and musical motifs—had a revelation. It came to him not as divine whisper, but as Broadway thunder.

He spun Fistup around, raised a single eyebrow like a pornographic Rex Harrison, and entered with all the flair of a royal trumpet fanfare.

Fistup gasped. Delighted. “Oh *Leonard*, you beast of the back row!”

Leonard grinned, thrusting like a tap dancer on cocaine and hormones.

And he sang—loud, proud, and in perfect  $\frac{3}{4}$  time—to the immortal tune of “*I’m Getting Married in the Morning*” from *My Fair Lady*.

**“I’ll fuck your ass until I cum in!**

**I’ll fuck your ass and you’ll cum too!**

**Jeez, get the towels!**

**Girls, come and swallow!**

**There’s plenty of cum to wipe off!”**

He ended in a thrust-flourish, pelvis forward, hands in the air like a Messiah of Musical Sex.

Von Stiletto, already crawling toward Fistup like a starving mezzo-soprano, muttered with her signature jaded sarcasm:

“Oh brilliant. So this is our bloody life now. An orgy *a tempo* with Hollywood musical scores.”

Fistup, whose L-spot had been professionally pressurized by Leonard’s precision, *erupted*.

It wasn’t just a climax.

It was a ***production number***.

A geyser of such magnitude it triggered applause from the chandelier, a standing ovation from Mrs. Fanny, and a discreet “Well played” from Jeez.

Stiletto caught the spray like a seasoned sommelier, moaning, drinking with the thirst of a woman who had seen God and demanded seconds. “Mmm. Notes of regret, with a finish of syphilitic nobility.”

Letrou clinked a glass. “Vintage 1993. A very good year for Fistup.”

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## **Feeties & Fantasies**

### **Part 11: A Missionary Position for the Clitoris**

---

The room had quieted to a theatrical hush—like the moment just before the curtain rises on a second act no one thought could *possibly* top the first, and yet here they were, sticky, breathless, and musically possessed.

Leonard and Fistup stood, both miraculously still wearing bowties and smirks, and extended their hands with old-world charm.

**Leonard:** “Ladies…”

**Fistup:** “…please, allow us.”



They conducted Madame Letrou Ducul and Dr.  
Soleada von Stiletto, like ballroom dancers leading  
their partners into ecstasy, to two regal **ottomans**—  
embroidered, upholstered, and coincidentally the  
exact height for maximum access.

With a reverent bow, the gentlemen knelt.

They **spread** their lovers' legs like opera curtains  
before the final act—gracefully, tenderly,  
theatrically.

And then—

**They sang.**

To the tune of “*The Inquisition*” from *Mel Brooks’  
History of the World, Part I*:

**“The cunnilingus,**

**Let us lick.**

**The cunnilingus,**

**Let us suck.**

**We're on a mission,  
For the clitoriiiiiiiis!"**

On "clitoris," they harmonized like barbershop  
perverts.

Stiletto gasped in E ♭ .

Letrou moaned in French.

The ottomans rocked slightly to the beat.

**General applause.**

Mrs. Fanny fainted again, this time artistically.

A pigeon outside the window laid an egg from sheer  
arousal.

**Jeez**, still in white gloves, approached from stage  
right, wiped a single tear of pride, and shook both  
men's hands.

"Gentlemen," he said, "you've finally made  
cunnilingus a legitimate art form. Shall I fetch the  
tasting spoons?"

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## Feeties & Fantasies

### Finale: The Lubricated Last Waltz

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The lights dimmed.

The cum had settled.

The ottomans were steaming gently in afterglow.

The chandelier trembled from yet another  
spontaneous G-spot ovation.

And in the center of the room, *stage now*, rolled in  
the final pair of heroes:

**Mrs. Fanny and Jeez.**

Wearing matching *rollerskates*.

Feathered boas.

Sequined top hats.

And just enough modesty to make nudity look  
accidental.

The orchestra swelled with a Gershwin grin.

Spotlight hit them like a lover's slap.

They tap-skated into position and burst into a perfectly timed duet, to the tune of *“Let’s Call the Whole Thing Off”*:

**Mrs. Fanny:** “I say buttfucking, and you call it anal…”

**Jeez:** “I say it’s a blowjob, and you call it oral—”

**Both (arms wide, roller pirouette):** “Buttfucking, it’s anal,  
Blowjob, it’s oral,  
Oh let’s call the whole thing off!”

Crowd gasps. Jazz hands.

**Jeez (kicking left leg with elegance):**  
“I say it’s a handjob, you call it wanking…”

**Mrs. Fanny (spinning into a squat):**  
“I call it cumming and you say orgasming!”

**Both, harmonizing like angels who’ve seen things:**  
“Handjob, it’s wanking,

Cumming, orgasming,  
Oh let's call the whole thing ooooooff!"

They tip-tap-twirl across the stage, confetti  
launching from cannons shaped like dildos, and land  
together in a perfect pose—Jeez holding Mrs. Fanny  
in a deep roller-split, her leg in the air like the Eiffel  
Tower on heat.

**Final bow.**

**Standing ovation.**

**Roses raining from every balcony.**

**People weeping.**

**Critics sobbing into silk programs.**

And then...

The **Mayor** of the town steps onto the stage, tears  
streaming, clutching his chest.

"I came here for cultural disgrace," he whispers.

"And I leave baptized in song and semen."

He kisses Jeez on both cheeks.

Then dips Mrs. Fanny and kisses her square on the lips.

The cast assembles—Leonard, Fistup, Letrou,  
Stiletto, all holding hands.

A final chorus builds.

One last explosive, jazz-handed *thrust* of melody  
and madness.

Curtain drops.

Blackout.

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**THE END**

## Feeties & Fantasies – Encore: The Monty Climax

---

The theater was dark.

The applause had begun to settle.

People reached for their coats.

A few clutched handkerchiefs damp from laughter…  
or other things.

But then—

**A spotlight.**

**A cough.**

**A smirk.**

The *curtain rises again*.

Standing alone at center stage: **Leonard**, disheveled  
and radiant, silk robe open, champagne flute in  
hand, still glistening with enough bodily fluids to  
drown a small orchestra.

He looks at the audience with a twinkle in his eye,  
the universal grin of a man who knows *one more  
note must be sung*.

**Leonard:**

“Let’s be real, darlings…”

Could we *really* leave you without *this* one?”

And *bam*—the music kicks in.

A spotlight floods the stage.

Suddenly, they’re **all there**—arm in arm, thigh to  
thigh:

- **Fistup Yorass**, still wearing only a monocle  
and cum stains like war medals.
- **Von Stiletto**, heels clicking the beat, legs out  
for miles.
- **Madame Letrou**, twirling a riding crop like  
Fred Astaire’s ghost.
- **Mrs. Fanny**, roller-skating between their legs  
in joy.
- **Jeez**, white gloves raised, mouthing every  
word like a butler at the gates of Heaven.



- Even the **Mayor**, now shirtless and sobbing into a feather boa.

And they **sing**.

High-kicking. Smiling. **Radiating obscene glory.**

The audience claps *in tempo*, half already standing, others too aroused to rise.

All, in harmony, full Monty Python mode:

“Sit on my face and tell me that you love me  
I'll sit on your face and tell you I love you, too  
I love to hear you oralize  
When I'm between your thighs  
You blow me away...”

Kick, thrust, kiss, wink.

“Sit on my face and let my lips embrace you  
I'll sit on your face and then I'll love you truly  
Life can be fine if we both sixty-nine  
If we sit on our faces in all sorts of places  
And play... 'til we're blown awaaaaaay!”

They hold the last note in a pyramid pose—Jeez  
lifted like Simba in *The Lion King*, everyone else's  
crotches dangerously close to his face.

Theater comes down.

The audience *erupts*.

Riotous applause.

People throw underwear, roses, and business cards.

Someone faints in the balcony.

The West End itself orgasms.

A double rainbow forms above Piccadilly.

Blackout.

Forever.

---

*End of Show.*

*Standing ovation for civilization itself.*

## Operatic. Obscene. Sublime.

A toe-curling, high-kicking, ass-thrusting symphony of lust, leather, and showtunes.

Welcome to a world where aristocrats climax in key, butlers lick with Bernsteinian precision, and anal plugs come with travel pouches and monograms. *Feeties* is not a book—it's a lubricated musical orgy in eleven acts (plus encore), where every foot is divine, every hole is a hymn, and every climax comes with choreography.

Starring Leonard “The Toemancer” de Roth-Bondiani III, Dr. Soleada von Stiletto, Madame Letrou Ducul, Baron Fistup Yorass, and Jeez the Buttler (with two Ts), *Feeties* takes you from Versailles foot balls to bidet-bound ballads with wit sharper than a stiletto and cum shots more timed than a Broadway curtain drop.

You will laugh. You will weep. You will cum to *West SideStory*.

This is culture. This is sin. This is musical pornography at its most refined.

**Warning:** May cause spontaneous orgasms in G# major.

*“A baroque masterpiece of erotic absurdity—equal parts libretto, literature, and libation.”*

**The New York Times Book Review**

*“Pratalia composes with the elegance of Nabokov and the depravity of de Sade. A ludicrous triumph.”*

**The Guardian**

*“Feeties challenges the very architecture of narrative—every thrust, a thesis; every moan, a manifesto.”*

**The Washington Post**